hands he had a pair of shining white cotton gloves, and on his feet low shoes which permitted a pair of white socks to be seen, all the more as his trousers had perceptibly slipped up. **He** smoked a large black cigar with great energy, and looked about him in a business-like way with an impassable face. I had no opportunity for coming into personal contact with him at that time, as the cavalcade passed by at a brisk gait

While General Grant pushed on his preparations for the discomfiture of Bragg's army, which occupied very strong positions on Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, the Eleventh Corps yemained encamped until November 22nd in Lookout Valley, extending and strengthening its entrenchments. We were within range of the rebel battery on Lookout Mountain, which every day dropped a number of shells into our camps, without doing any damage. The noise made by the shells in coming and in exploding at first caused a little nervousness among some of the men, which, however, soon disappeared. Indeed, a shell falling into my mess tent while I was sitting at dinner with the officers of my staff, caused a momentary sensation and a rapid scattering of the diners* But as the shell did not explode, confidence was soon restored. It gradually became a favorite amusement of the troops to watch the *puffs of* smoke ejected by the rebel guns on Lookout Mountain, to listen to the whirring noise made by the coming

missiles, and to make bets as to where they would strike Hie ground.

Another amusement consisted in the talks with deserters from the rebel army, who came over to us in great numbers. They were mostly from some Alabama regiments which were camped opposite to us on the other side of Lookout Creek They would during the night crawl over a big tree which had fallen across the creek, and then surrender to our pickets.